JOSEPH

AND HIS

BRETHREN.

A

SACRED DRAMA.

As it is Perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

Set to Muſick by Mr. HANDEL.

LONDON:

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JACOB had Twelve Children, whereof *Joſeph* and *Benjamin* were the two youngeſt, and were born to him of *Rachel*. The ſuperior Affection which *Jacob* ſhewed towards *Joſeph*, and the Account which the latter gave his Brethren of ſome of his Dreams denoting his own future Grandeur, and their Subjection to him, raiſed their Jealouſy and Hatred againſt him. Hereupon they take an Opportunity, when they were one Day in the Field together, to throw him firſt into a Pit, and afterwards to draw him out again, and ſell him to a Company of mercantile *Iſhmaelites* who were going down to *Egypt*, perſuading their Father *Jacob*, by the Stratagem of dipping a Coat which they had ſtrip'd him of in Blood, that he was devoured by a wild Beaſt.

The *Iſhmaelites* being arrived with *Joſeph* in *Egypt*, ſold him to *Potiphar*, a principal Officer in *Pharaoh*'s Court, with whom he lived in high Favour a conſiderable time, 'till at length, upon the falſe Accuſation of *Potiphar*'s Wife, he was diſgraced and caſt into Priſon. During his Confinement, the chief Butler, and chief Baker of *Pharaoh*'s Court, were thrown into the ſame Place by the King's Order, both of whom having a Dream in the ſame Night, receiv'd an Interpretation of them from *Joſeph*, which proved true, the chief Baker being within three Days hanged on a Tree, and the chief Butler reſtored to his Employment as was foretold; but being taken into Favour again thought no more of his Interpreter, as he had promiſed to do.

Here then our Drama finds *Joſeph*, two Years after this Incident had happened. At this time *Pharaoh* himſelf having had two Dreams in the ſame Night, the *Firſt*, of Seven fat Kine coming out of the River, which were devoured by Seven other lean Kine which came up after them; and the *Second*, of Seven full Ears of Corn devoured by Seven thin ones, the Wiſemen of *Egypt* could not interpret them. The chief Butler calling *Joſeph* to Remembrance upon this Occaſion, ſpoke of him to the King, who immediately order'd that he ſhould be brought before him; of whom having received a ſatisfactory Explication of his Dreams, as that they were both of the ſame Purport, and pointed out Seven Years of Plenty, and Seven of Famine to ſucceed them, *Pharaoh* appointed him Ruler over the Land of *Egypt*, to lay up in the Years of Plenty a Store for a Supply in thoſe of Dearth; at the ſame time giving him to Wife *Aſenath* the Daughter of *Potiphera*, High-Prieſt of *On*, by whom, during the Years of Plenty, he had two Sons.

The Famine having at length ſpread itſelf into all Countries, *Jacob* hearing there was Corn in *Egypt*, ſent his ten elder Sons thither to purchaſe ſome, keeping *Benjamin* the youngeſt with him for fear ſome Accident ſhould befal him. *Joſeph* immediately knew his Brethren, and ſeeing them at his Feet, he remembred his former Dreams, but did not make himſelf known to them, ſpeaking roughly, treating them as Spies, and ordering them to return and bring down their younger Brother whom they ſpoke of, as a Proof of their Veracity. Having detained one of them in Priſon, by way of a Hoſtage, he commanded his Officers privately, to reſtore every one of the others his Money into his Sack, and to ſend them away with their Corn, for the Land

of *Canaan*. Having, after a long time, prevailed on *Jacob* to let *Benjamin* go with them, they returned to *Egypt*, and preſented him before *Joſeph*, who tenderly embraced him, and was ſo ſenſibly affected by the Interview, that, not being able to refrain from Tears, he was obliged to leave the Room. After this he made a grand Entertainment for them, giving at the ſame time a ſecret Order to his Officers to put his Silver Cup into *Benjamin*'s Sack.

They had no ſooner left the Town the next Morning but they were ſent after, brought before *Joſeph* again, and charged with ſtealing this Cup, when, their Sacks being examined, and the Cup found in that belonging to *Benjamin*, he was doom'd to continue a Slave to *Joſeph*.

The reſt of the Brethren refuſing to return to their Father without *Benjamin* with them, and one of them paſſionately requeſting to become a Bondman in his ſtead, *Joſeph* could refrain no longer, but with Tears guſhing from his Eyes, diſcovered himſelf to them. This News coming ſoon to *Pharaoh*, he order'd *Joſeph* to ſend immediately, and bring down his Father and whole Family into *Egypt*, appointing one of the moſt fruitful Parts of the Country for their Habitation.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

PHARAOH, *King of* Egypt.
JOSEPH, *An* Hebrew.
REUBEN,
SIMEON,
JUDAH,
BENJAMIN, } *Brethren to* Joſeph.
POTIPHERA, *High-Prieſt of* On.
PHANOR, *Chief Butler to* Pharaoh, *afterwards* Joſeph's *Steward.*

WOMEN.

ASENATH, *Daughter to the High-Prieſt.*
Chorus of Egyptians, Hebrews, *&c.*

SCENE, *MEMPHIS.*

JOSEPH

JOSEPH
AND HIS
BRETHREN.

PART I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *a PRISON.*

JOSEPH *reclining in a melancholy Poſture.*

AIR.

BE firm, my Soul, nor faint beneath
Affliction's galling Chains;
When crown'd with conſcious Virtue's Wreath,
The ſhackled Captive reigns. [Starting up.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Joſ. But wherefore thus? Whence Heav'n theſe bitter Bonds?
Are theſe the juſt Rewards of ſtubborn Virtue;
---- Down, down, proud Heart,
Nor blindly queſtion the Beheſt of Heaven!
Theſe Chaſtiſements are juſt---for ſome wiſe End
Are all the partial Ills allotted Man.

AIR repeated.

Be firm, my Soul, nor faint beneath
Affliction's galling Chains;
When crown'd with conſcious Virtue's Wreath,
The ſhackled Captive reigns.

SCENE

SCENE II.

To JOSEPH, PHANOR.

Phan. Joſeph, thy Fame has reach'd great *Pharaoh*'s Ear;
Who late in Dreams perturb'd, and taught by me
The wond'rous Power of thy experienc'd Art,
Demands thy inſtant Preſence to unfold
Their myſtick Purport.

Joſ. Bleſt Viciſſitude!
Jehovah, whom I ſerve, bears witneſs to me;
And from the Horrors of the Pit, once more,
Will deign Deliverance to his Servant's Soul.

AIR.

Come, divine Inſpirer, come,
Make my humble Breaſt thy Home,
Draw the Curtain from mine Eye,
And preſent place Futurity.

Thus, whilſt I o'er Pharaoh's *Dream,*
Bright Interpretation beam,
Pharaoh's *Self ſhall Temples raiſe,*
And Egypt *Incenſe to thy Praiſe.* [Da Capo.

Phan. Pardon that I ſo long forgot thee, *Joſeph;*
My Heart upbraids me with Ingratitude.

Joſ. Pardon thyſelf---Ingratitude's a Vice
That bear's its Scorpions with it---The dire Mildew
Which makes a Deſert of the human Mind,
And merits more of Pity than Reſentment---
But inſtant I'll with duteous Step attend
My Lord the King, and bow myſelf before him. [*Exit* Joſ.

SCENE III.

PHANOR.

Fell Monſter! baſe Ingratitude! avaunt;
No longer in this Breaſt I'll give thee Harbour.

AIR.

AIR.

Ingratitude's the Queen of Crimes,
For all the reſt are of her Train,
Her ſure Attendants at all Times,
The great Supporters of her Reign:
If one you then ungrateful call,
You crown him Monarch of them all.

SCENE IV. *A Room of State in* Pharaoh's *Palace.*

PHARAOH, High-Prieſt of *On*; ASENATH, *Chorus of* Egyptians, *&c.*

Phar. Thus, Stranger! I have laid my troubled Thoughts,
The midnight Viſions of my Bed before thee,
Which all the Skill of *Egypt* can't unfold---
Come then, interpret to the King his Dreams.
Joſ. O mighty *Pharaoh*, it is not in me;
Interpretation does belong to Heav'n;
And may the Lord *Jehovah* give the King
A gracious Anſwer!

Chorus *of* Egyptians.

O God of Joſeph, *gracious, ſhed*
Thy Spirit on thy Servant's Head;
That to the King he may reveal
The Truths his myſtick Dreams conceal.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Joſ. Pharaoh, thy Dreams are one---the Lord *Jehovah*
In Viſions ſhews what he's about to do.

The

The Seven fat Cattle, and full Ears of Corn,
Denote Seven Years of Plenty---The like Seven
Of meagre Kine, and unrepleniſh'd Grain,
Mark the ſame Years of Famine to ſucceed.
Embrace this Warning, and with ſtudious Search
Look out a Man of Providence and Wiſdom,
To garner up in the redundant Years,
A Store for Comfort in the Days of Dearth.

Phar. Divine Interpreter! What Oracle
Could thus have ſolv'd my Doubts?---Where can we find
A Man like thee, in whom God's Spirit dwells?
Be this Day Ruler o'er my Houſe and People,
And by thy Word let all the Land be govern'd;
But only in the Throne will I be greater.

Joſ. Theſe are thy Workings, Infi..ite *Jehovah!*

AIR.

Aſen. [*Aſide.*] *O lovely Youth, with Wiſdom crown'd,*
Where ev'ry Charm has Place!
What Breaſt ſo firm was ever found,
As could reſiſt ſuch Grace?
If thou haſt ſtoln my Virgin Heart,
To me in change thy own impart.

[Pharaoh *putting his Ring on* Joſeph's *Finger.*]

Phar. Wear, worthy Man! this Royal Signet wear,
Pledge of thy boundleſs Dignity and Power;
Whilſt in our Second Chariot thou ſhalt ride,
And Heralds cry before thee, *Bow the Knee:*
Then henceforth, as the Saviour of the World,
Let * *Zaphnath-Paaneah* be thy Name.

CHORUS.

* Zaphnath-Paaneah *ſignifies* Saviour of the World.

CHORUS.

Joyful Sounds! melodious Strain!
Health to Egypt *is the Theme!*
Zaphnath *rules and* Pharaoh *reigns* ---
Happy Nation! Bliſs ſupreme! [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

ASENATH *alone.*

Whence this unwonted Ardour in my Breaſt?
Theſe new-born Sighs---'Tis true that he is Wiſe---
Majeſtick---graceful---Ah! I fear this Stranger
Has treſpaſs'd on my unſuſpecting Boſom.

AIR.

I feel a ſpreading Flame within my Veins,
Which all my Arts will not avail to quench;
With fruitleſs Toil from Place to Place I range,
No Toil, no Place gives Reſpite to my Pains.

SCENE VI.

To ASENATH, JOSEPH.

Joſ. Fair *Aſenath*,
I've ask'd thee of thy Father and the King,
To help allay the anxious Toils of Grandeur,
And ſmooth the rugged Brow of Publick Care.
Yet, authoris'd by both, I dread my Fate,
'Till thy own Voice has fix'd my Deſtiny.

SCENE VII.

To them PHARAOH *and* POTIPHERA.

Phar. Zaphnath, I grant thy Suit---Behold thy Bride!
Potiph. Approach, my *Aſenath*---Behold thy Husband!

RECIT *and* DUET.

Joſ. *O! canſt thou, Fair Perfection! ſay?*
O! canſt thou bleſs me with thy Love?
Aſen. *My Father's Will I muſt obey;*
My Monarch's Pleaſure muſt approve.
Joſ. *Celeſtial Virgin!*
Aſen. *-------- Godlike Youth!*
Both. *Renown'd for Innocence and Truth;*
Propitious Heav'n has thus in Thee
Compleated my Felicity.

Joſ. Now, *Potiphera*, inſtant to the Temple
In joyous Pomp, and whilſt the Rite's perform'd,
Let our loud Clarions tell it to the Skies. [*Exeunt.*

A Grand March during the Proceſſion.

SCENE VIII. *A TEMPLE.*

The High-Prieſt joining the Hands of JOSEPH *and* ASENATH *at the Altar,* PHARAOH, *Attendants, and Chorus of* Egyptians.

High-Prieſt. 'Tis done—the ſacred Knot is ty'd,
Which Death alone can e'er divide.

[illegible]
Da Capo.

CHORUS.

Immortal Pleaſures crown the Pair,
Who thus by Heav'n high-favour'd are,
Joys ever round them wait;
May theſe below, like thoſe above,
Contend who moſt and longeſt love,
And be as Bleſt, as Great.

Phar.

Phar. Glorious and happy is thy Lot, O *Zaphnath*,
Join'd to ſuch Sweetneſs, Dignity, and Virtue.

AIR.

Since the Race of Time begun,
Since the Birth-Day of the Sun,
Ne'er was ſo much Wiſdom found,
With ſuch matchleſs Luſtre crown'd.

CHORUS.

Swift our Numbers, ſwiftly roll,
Waft the News from Pole to Pole;
Aſenath *with* Zaphnath's *join'd,*
Joy and Peace to all Mankind!

PART II. SCENE I.

ASENATH, PHANOR, *and Chorus of* Egyptians.

CHORUS.

HAIL, *thou Youth, by Heav'n belov'd!*
Now thy wond'rous Wiſdom's prov'd!
Zaphnath Egypt's *Fate foreſaw,*
And ſnatch'd her from the Famine's Jaw.

Phan. How vaſt a Theme has *Egypt* for Applauſe!
O *Aſenath*, behold thy mighty Lord!
High on his gilded Car triumphant ride,
Whilſt proſtrate Multitudes that do him Honours,
Obſtruct his Paſſage through the Streets of *Memphis*.
The raptur'd Virgins hail him in their Lays,
And gazing Matrons lift their grateful Hands,
Whilſt hoary Sages riſe, and bow the Head,
And Infants half articulate his Name.

Aſen. Theſe Honours flow not from the Flatterers Lips,

Like thoſe that laviſh Stream in *Fortune*'s Lap;
But from Sincere Benevolence, and Love,
And Boſoms glowing with a grateful Tranſport.

AIR.

Phan. *Our Fruits, while yet in Bloſſom, die,*
Our Harveſts in the new-ſown Seed;
Barren the mournful Ridges lie,
Undeck'd the once enamell'd Mead.

But Zaphnath's *Providential Care*
Retaliates for the niggard Soil;
Through him in Dearth we Plenty ſhare,
Nor heed th' inexorable Nile.

He's *Egypt*'s common Parent, gives her Bread;
He's *Egypt*'s only Safety, only Hope;
Whilſt *Egypt*'s Welfare is his only Care.

CHORUS.

Bleſt be the Man by Pow'r unſtain'd,
Virtue there itſelf rewarding!
Bleſt be the Man to Wealth unchain'd,
Treaſure for the Publick hoarding!

Aſen. Phanor, we mention not his higheſt Glory,
Mark midſt his Grandeur what Humility,
The Gift of that great God whom he adores.
Yet ſomething ſeems of late to bear upon him,
And cloud his wonted Smile; not all his Splendor,
Th' Applauſe of Millions, or my ſtudious Love,
Can yield him Comfort, or aſſwage his Grief.
Phan. Perchance he wants to view his native Land,
Whoſe God and Laws are the Reverſe of *Egypt*'s.
Aſen. Phanor, 'tis true, he calls it oft' to mind,
And oft' in Silence ſighs, and mourns his Abſence;
Nor finds he Peace, ſave when his ſmiling Infants,
The Pledges of our Love, are in his Arms:
There will he graſp them--there, with ardent Look, He

He eyes them---while, from 'midſt his ſtruggling Sighs,
Words burſt like theſe—

AIR.

Together, lovely Innocents, grow up,
Link'd in eternal Chains of Brother-Love;
For you mayn't Envy bear her pois'nous Cup,
Nor Hate her unrelenting Armour prove.

He then is ſilent, then again exclaims—
Inhuman Brethren! O unhappy Father!
What Anguiſh too much Love for me has coſt thee!
Such are his Cares, nor have I yet diſcover'd
The fatal Cauſe---But once more I'll attempt it.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II.

SIMEON *in Priſon.*

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Where are theſe Brethren---Why this baſe Delay!
To let me languiſh a whole Year in Dungeons!
But are not Brethren baſe? O *Joſeph! Joſeph!*
That Thought is Hell---Remembrance ſcorches with it!
But was it I alone?---O no!---Then Heav'n
Has been at 'compt perchance with my Confederates,
Whilſt the wild Beaſt, falſe-tax'd with *Joſeph*'s Death,
Has met 'em on the way, and ta'en his Vengeance.

AIR.

Remorſe, Confuſion, Horror, Fear,
Ye Vultures of the guilty Breaſt!
Now Furies! now ſhe feels you here,
Who gnaw her moſt, when moſt diſtreſt. [Exit.

SCENE

SCENE III.

JOSEPH *and* PHANOR.

Phan. This *Hebrew* Priſoner---
Joſ. Hither bring him, *Phanor.* [*Exit* Phanor.
The wide Circumference of *Egypt*'s Regions,
The vaſt Extent between the *Nile* and Ocean
Given me to rule, is Slav'ry, not an Honour;
Not Reſt, but Travel---

AIR.

The Peaſant taſtes the Sweets of Life,
Unwounded by its Cares;
No courtly Craft; no publick Striſe
His humble Soul inſnares.

But Grandeur's bulky noiſy Joys
No true Contentment give;
Whilſt Fancy craves Poſſeſſion cloys,
We die thus whilſt we live.

But *Simeon* comes, Treach'rous blood-thirſty Brother!
Fain wouldſt thou had my Life! Cruel! but hold---
I'll touch thee not—
But I will ſpeak ſuch Daggers to thy Soul!---

SCENE IV.

To JOSEPH, SIMEON.

Sim. I tremble at his Preſence.
Joſ. Thou Impoſtor!
Com'ſt thou before me, but to dare my Fury?
Where are thy Brethren---Brother-Traitors? Ha!

Thou

Thou ſhalt pay the Forfeit of their Guilt.
Sim. My gracious Lord,
Our Teſtimony's true---By Famine driv'n,
We hither fled for Succour---We're Twelve Brethren,
Sons of one Father in the Land of *Canaan.*
Ten thou haſt ſeen, and one is not; the youngeſt
Was to the Care of his old Father left.
Joſ. The Sight of him might diſſipate my Doubts---
But where's your Promiſe?---Why is he not come?
Sim. Paternal Love, my Lord, alone detains him.
What Anguiſh muſt it give the good old Sire,
To have this only Hope torn from his Boſom,
The Prop and Comfort of his falling Years?
How would it ſhake his poor old rott'ring Frame?
How wring his bleeding Heart!
Joſ. Peace, Nature, Peace! [*Aſide.*
Sim. Grief for the Loſs of his beloved *Joſeph,*
Already reigns too cruel in his Heart;
No Sun or ſets, or riſes on the Earth,
That doth not find, and leave him too in Tears.
Joſ. [*Aſide.*] Great God, ſuſtain my Fortitude!---
[*To* Sim.] This *Joſeph,*
How died he?
Sim. A wild Beaſt, my Lord, devour'd him.
Joſ. Devour'd by a wild Beaſt! Have, have a care!
Didſt thou then ſee his bleeding Arteries?
His mangled Limbs? Now, by the Life of *Pharaoh,*
I ſpy ſome Treachery---There are Men on Earth
More cruel, *Simeon,* than the wildeſt Beaſt.
Sim. Dreadful Diſcourſe! [*Aſide.*
Joſ. He trembles! [*Aſide.*
Sim. Thy Suſpicion---
Joſ. ---Is juſt---know you not yet I can divine,
And view the dark Receſſes of the Soul?
In vain from me you'd hide the Truth, Impoſtor! [*Exit* Joſ.

AIR.

AIR.

Sim. *Impoſtor! Ah! my foul Offence,*
Wrote in my Face,
O dire Diſgrace!
Admits, admits of no Defence.

Tho' treach'rous Hearts from mortal Sight
May veil a while
Their impious Guile,
Heav'n ſees, and brings dark Deeds to light. [Exit.

SCENE V.

JOSEPH, ASENATH.

Joſ. Whence, *Aſenath*, this Grief that hangs upon thee,
And like a Morning Miſt which hovers o'er
The Violet's Bed, bedews thy lovely Cheeks?

Aſen. Life of my Life, and Source of all my Bliſs,
It is but to reſemble thee the more.
When *Zaphnath* ſighs can *Aſenath* be gay?
Can *Aſenath* enjoy, when *Zaphnath* ſuffers?

AIR.

The ſilver Stream, that all its way
Tranſparent to the Ocean flows,
Mix'd with the turbid Surges grows
As ruffled and impure as they.

Thus glided I through Life's ſerene,
But now dire Griefs my Breaſt inflame,
My mingling Boſom Shares the ſame,
And I, like thee, am wretched ſeen. Da Capo.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

Tell me, O tell me thy Heart's Malady,
That I may ſteal it from thee if I can.
Joſ. A ſlight Diſorder---publick Cares---

Enter PHANOR.

Phan. My Lord,
The long-expected Strangers are arriv'd,
And with them comes a Youth of matchleſs Beauty.
Joſ. [*Aſide.*] My *Benjamin!* Thanks Heav'n! [*To* Phan.
Straight make them enter.
My Love, retire a while---Soon thou ſhalt know
The Buſineſs of my Heart---Permit me only
Some Moments more---
Aſen. Your Will, my Lord, is mine. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

PHANOR *and* JOSEPH's *Brethren.*

Phan. Fear not---Peace be unto you---'twas your God,
That gave you Treaſure in your Sacks, for me
I had your Money, and declare you Guiltleſs,
Nor think that *Zaphnath* bears ſo baſe a Soul
As to condemn you wrongfully---nor one
So cruel to refuſe you farther Succour.
Judah. Thy gracious Words revive my drooping Spirits;
And kindly Hope of being guiltleſs thought
Glows in my Heart, and kindles Life anew.

AIR.

To keep afar from all Offence,
And conſcious of its Innocence,
Is not enough for the Defence
Of an unſpotted Heart.

A light Suſpicion oftentimes
Of uncommitted unthought Crimes }
Its Purity with Slander limes, }
And gives it the Delinquent's Part.

Chorus of the Brethren.

Thus one with ev'ry Virtue Crown'd,
For ev'ry Vice may be renown'd.

SCENE VII.

To them, JOSEPH, *and Attendants.*

Reuben. Once more, O pious *Zaphnath!* at thy Feet
We pay due Homage, and implore thy Succour.
Judah. Our Reverend Sire intreats thee to accept
A humble Off'ring of our Country's Fruits;
Not ſuch as with thy Grandeur ſuits, but what
Our preſent wretched State hath left---O *Zaphnath!*
Our Fields lie deſolate, and cover'd o'er
With naught but Horror, Barrenneſs and Drought,
Menacing the diſtreſs'd Inhabitant
With Death inevitable, whoſe pale Herald
Sits on his pining Cheeks---O Pity, Pity!
Our good old Father ſues for Pity from thee;
For Pity we implore thee, and for Pity
Our youngeſt Brother lowly bows to kiſs
Thy bounteous Hand.
Benj. This Kiſs, my gracious Lord,
Comes waſh'd with Tears — O ſave my Country, ſave
My dear, dear Father — and may *Abraham*'s God
For ever ſave my Lord.
Joſ. [*Aſide.*] How his Diſcourſe

Melts

Melts down my Soul — Riſe — is your Father well?
[*Aſide.*] I had almoſt ſaid Mine — The good old Man
Of whom ye ſpake — ſay, is he living ſtill?
Judah. My Lord, thy Servant lives, and lives in Health.
Joſ. And this his youngeſt Son?
Benj. It is, my Lord,
My Name is *Benjamin.*
Joſ. Let me embrace thee —
And may that God, my Son, whom thou invok'ſt,
Watch o'er, and ever ſhed his Bleſſings on thee!

AIR.

Benj. *Thou deign'ſt to call thy Servant, Son,*
And O, methinks, my Lord, I ſee,
With an amazing Semblance ſhown,
My Father's Image ſtamp'd on thee:

Thee, therefore, would I Father call;
But the Similitude of Face
Is not enough---the Soul is all---
O may his Soul thy Boſom grace!

Joſ. [*Aſide.*] Sweet Innocence! Divine Simplicity!
Tears, by your Leave--- [*To Servants.*] Attend, prepare
our Table---
---Inſtant---Theſe Men ſhall eat with me to-day.
Benj. Let not thy Mercy linger---Grief and Famine
Oppreſs our aged Father---Aught Delay
May fatal prove---We left him deſolate.
Joſ. [*Weeping.*] Nature will through the Vail — Anguiſh
and Joy
Jointly demand my Tears. [*Exeunt* Joſ. Phan. *and Attendants.*
Reuben. Didſt thou obſerve him, *Judah?*---Mark his Looks!
Judah. I did---canſt thou interpret them?
Reuben. I cannot.

Profound and inacceſſible, O *Judah*,
Are all the inward Movements of the Great,
And never by the Countenance are known.
Judah. May great *Jehovah* turn his Heart to Pity!

CHORUS.

O God, who in thy heav'nly Hand
Doſt hold the Hearts of mighty Kings,
O take thy Jacob, *and his Land,*
Beneath the Shadow of thy Wings.

Thou know'ſt our Wants before our Pray'r,
Then let us not confounded be;
Thy tender Mercies let us ſhare,
O Lord, we truſt alone in thee!

PART III. SCENE I.

ASENATH, PHANOR.

Aſen. WHat ſay'ſt thou, *Phanor*! Prove theſe Strangers then
Such baſe Ingrates? Bore off the ſilver Cup,
That's ſacred to my Lord's peculiar Uſe!
Phan. They have---but ſhall not long enjoy their Rapine.

AIR.

Phan. *The wanton Favours of the Great,*
Are like the ſcatter'd Seed when ſown;
A grateful Harveſt they create,
Wene'er on gen'rous Acres thrown.

But, if, as O! too oft', they fall,
Where Weeds and Briers the Soil prophane:
Or loſt, they bear no Fruit at all,
Or, bearing, yield a worthleſs Grain.

SCENE

SCENE II.

To them JOSEPH.

Aſen. Whence ſo diſturb'd, my Lord --- Let not the Crime
Of others be inflicted on thyſelf.
Joſ. My Sorrows have a deeper deadlier Root.
O *Aſenath*, my dear old Father lives,
Still lives, but inconſolable and wretched.
Aſen. Whence ſprings his Miſery?
Joſ. From this cruel Famine.
Aſen. Call them into *Egypt!* — Whence, my Lord,
This criminal Delay?
Joſ. I fear the King—
Fear *Egypt* too.
Aſen. Such Fears are but ungen'rous;
You've all the Hearts of *Pharaoh* and his People.

AIR.

Joſ. *The People's Favour, and the Smiles of Pow'r,*
Are no more than the Sun-ſhine of an Hour;
There Envy, *with her Snakes, aſſails,*
Here cank'ring Slander ſtill prevails,
'Till Love begins to wain;
Oblivion then invelopes all,
Our Merits paſt, and ſtraight our Fall
Is ſtil'd the Publick Gain. Da Capo.

Aſen. Art thou not *Zaphnath?* Is not *Egypt* ſav'd
All thy own Work? And won't her Sons with Tranſport
Give a new Life to him who gave thee Life?
I'll inſtant to the King, and ſupplicate
With Laud for Bounties paſt, this farther Boon.

AIR.

AIR.

Prophetick Raptures ſwell my Breaſt,
And whiſper we ſhall ſtill be bleſt;
That this black Gloom ſhall break away,
And leave more heavenly bright the Day.

Da Capo. [*Exit* Aſen.

Joſ. They come—and Indignation in their Looks—
My Boſom beats with an unuſual Pulſe.

SCENE III.

To JOSEPH, PHANOR *with the Brethren in Chains.*

Sim. Whence this vile Treatment! theſe injurious Chains?
For what Tranſgreſſion are we ſhackled thus,
Like Thieves and Traitors?

Phan. That's like what ye are.
You've ſtol'n the ſacred Cup that's ſet apart,
For my Lord's Uſe.—
Why have ye thus rewarded Ill for Good? [*Exit.*

Sim. Impoſture!—Fury!—If the Sacred Veſſel
Be found with us, rain Vengeance on our Heads.

Joſ. Straight we ſhall ſee—and then let the Delinquent
Alone receive the Wages of his Guilt.

SCENE IV.

To them PHANOR.

Phan. At length the Cup is found.

Joſ. Where?

Phan. Hid, my Lord, amidſt thy gen'rous Preſents.
Benjamin had it.

Joſ. Benjamin!

Benj. I had it!

Phan.

Phan. Behold his Sack, and in it view the Theft.
Benj. Am I a Robber? Shield me, righteous Heav'n!
Joſ. Seize him.
Benj. O Heav'n! thou know'ſt my Innocence!
Joſ. No more —
Leave him alone to ſuffer — As for you,
Go, get you up in Peace unto your Father.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Benj. What! without me? Ah? how return in Peace!
What can you ſay? What Comfort can you yield
To the diſtracted Parent? O unhappy!
Unhappy *Benjamin!* Thou at thy Birth
Gav'ſt Death unto thy Mother — and now dying,
Thou likewiſe tak'ſt thy tender Father's Life.

ARIOSO.

Benj. *O Pity ---*
Joſ. [*Aſide.*] ——*Ah! I muſt not hear.*
Benj. *Not to myſelf---*
Joſ. [*Aſide.*] ——*Be blind, my Eyes.*
Benj. *My ſinking Father!---*
Joſ. [*Aſide.*] ——*Trait'rous Tear!*
Benj. *O pity him!*
Joſ. [*Aſide.*] ——*Be ſtill, ye Sighs.*

AIR.

Benj. *Remember, at the firſt Embrace*
You call'd me Son — O view this Face;
I ſtill as much deſerve the Name;
Thy Heart alone is not the ſame.

Joſ. To Priſon with him.
Sim. O illuſtrious *Zaphnath,*

Give

Give room to Pity; thou who ruleſt Kingdoms,
Rule, to thy greater Glory, thy own Spirit:
Or to his Father render back the Youth,
Or Death to us.

Joſ. [*Roughly.*] On whom the Cup was found, him I retain.
[*Exit.*

Sim. What, gone! not hear us!

Judah. ——————— Yet methoughts I ſaw
Some Marks of Pity on his Face —

Sim. What Pity!

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

The Man who flies the Wretched, nor will hear them,
For fear of yielding to their piercing Cries,
Has only Pity for himſelf.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Judah. Peace, *Simeon*;
Remember *Dothan*'s Fields, the horrid Pit!
And *Joſeph*'s Cries! — Were we not deaf to them?
Then we'd not hear — and now we are not heard.

Reuben. What Counſel can we take? — If we return,
Our Father dies with Grief — If here we ſtay,
With Famine — Death is either way his Lot —
And black Deſpair is ours —

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Sim. O gracious God,
We merit well this Scourge, but thou art He,
Whoſe Property is ever to have Mercy.

Chorus of the Brethren.

Eternal Monarch of the Sky,
Our cruel Crime thou didſt deſcry,
O! with the ſame all-piercing Eye
Our melting Penitence obſerve.

Thou,

Thou, the Beginning and the End!
Creator! Father! Guardian! Friend!
Returning Prodigals attend,
And grant us Aid we don't deſerve.

Sim. But Peace, *Zaphnath* returns —

SCENE V.

To them JOSEPH.

Joſ. How! not departed!
Ye inſolent! away! What fooliſh Hope? —
Judah. Though Fear, my Lord, and Anguiſh
Have nigh lock'd up our Lips, yet would I crave
To offer one Word more---and O! my Lord,
Let not thine Anger burn againſt thy Servant.
When drove by dire Neceſſity to wreſt
From the reluctant Boſom of our Father,
(Ah! with what Force! but ſuch was thy Command)
His youngeſt, deareſt Son, his Heart's firſt Joy!
He weeping, thus beſpake us---Well you know,
This Child's the Prop and Succour of my Age,
The only Relick of my *Rachael*'s Bed;
Joſeph, alas! my much lamented *Joſeph*,
In a ſad Hour went out, and fell a Prey,
As oft' you've told me, to the Tiger's Rage;
If then you tear this alſo from my Arms,
And Miſchief ſhall befall him---my gray Hairs
Ye will bring down with Sorrow to the Grave.
Joſ. [*Aſide:*] My Soul itſelf now weeps.

AIR.

Sim. *Thou hadſt, my Lord,*
A Father once---perhaps haſt now---O feel,
Feel then for us---as thou didſt love thy own,
O pity ours---Feel then our Anguiſh, feel.

Give, give him up the Lad
In whom his Life is bound---
O let me ſuffer,
Whatever Puniſhment is doom'd for him;
He is too young for Slavery or Stripes;
Labour and Years have render'd me more hardy.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Lay all on me, Impriſonment, Chains, Scourges,
All, all I can endure---But to my Father,
To be the Meſſenger of Death I cannot.
Joſ. [*Aſide.*] I can no longer—*Phanor*, bring the Youth—
[*Exit* Phanor, *and returns with* Benjamin.
Far off, ye Guards and Servants — from my Preſence
Let ev'ry Man depart — [*To the Brethren.*] Know, I am *Joſeph.*
Doth my dear Father live? — I am your Brother;
Your long-loſt Brother!— I am *Joſeph.*
The Brethren. Joſeph!
Sim. O Heav'n!
Judah. Joſeph!
Sim. Wretched We! [*Aſide.*
Joſ. Ariſe:
And baniſh Fear — my *Benjamin*, come hither;
And let me preſs thee to my yearning Boſom.
Brethren, receive and give a kind Embrace.
Joſ. [*To* Benj.] Forgive this harmleſs Stratagem. [*To the Brethren.*] and ye,
Pardon my groundleſs Jealouſy — I fear'd
You now to *Benjamin* might prove perfidious,
As erſt to me — But I have try'd your Faith.
Sim. O *Joſeph!*
Juſt, yet myſterious, are the Ways of Heav'n.

SCENE

SCENE *the* LAST.

To them ASENATH.

Aſen. --- Whilſt the *Nile* and *Memphis*,
To him and his are deſtin'd for a Country;
Thus *Pharaoh* has ordain'd --- [*To* Joſ.] Now, my dear Lord,
Caſt Sorrow from thy Breaſt.
Joſ. And thou, my Fair,
Diſclaim thy Doubts, and no more breathe Suſpicion.
Aſen. Truſt me, O *Zaphnath*, 'twas the Breath of Love.
Joſ. Mine too, O *Aſenath*, was ſtill the ſame.

DUETTO.

Aſen. *What's ſweeter than the new-blown Roſe,*
Or Breezes from the new-mown Cloſe?
What's ſweeter than an April-*Morn,*
Or May-*Day's ſilver fragrant Thorn?*
What than Arabia's *ſpicy Grove---*
--- O ſweeter far the Breath of Love.

Joſ. With Songs of ardent Gratitude and Praiſe,
Let us approach the high Eternal's Throne,
The Fountain of all Joy, all Peace, all Honour.

ANTHEM.

We will rejoice in thy Salvation, and triumph in the Name of the Lord our God. Hallelujah!

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——— ——— Adorn'd
With all that Earth or Heav'n could beſtow,
To make her amiable: ——— On ſhe came,
Grace was in all her Steps, Heav'n in her Eye,
In every Geſture Dignity and Love. MILTON.

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